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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1913. NUMBER 7.

ARTIST AND MAN

Make thy life better than thy work. Too oft
Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft,
Fair curves upon their statues, while the rough
And ragged edges of the unhewn stuff
In their own natures startle and offend
The eye of critic and the heart of friend.

If in thy too brief day thou must neglect
Thy labor or thy life, let men detect
Flaws in thy work! while their most searching gaze
Can fall on nothing which they may not praise
In thy well-chiselled character. The Man
Should not be shadowed by the Artisan!

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Among the forthcoming books to be furnished by the *Houghton-Mifflin Company* to the autumn trade, the following make the book lover's mouth water: "Letters of Charles Eliot Norton" and John Burroughs's "The Summit of the Years."

The lovers of William Morris—"may their tribe increase"—will be glad to know of the two new books recently published given to the study of this warm-hearted poet-reformer. An appreciative notice of John Drinkwater's "A Critical Study of William Morris" and Arthur Compton-Rickett's "A Study in Personality" is found in the October 1 issue of the *Dial.*

The Annual Announcement of Fall Books, issued by the *Dial,* fills many columns of closely printed matter. What will save the rising generation from this turbid tide of printer's ink in which we are all submerged, for which we are all responsible, out of which how few people escape with their intellectual sanity and literary integrity. And still we must believe in the printed page and give it increasing welcome.

It is an even greater reflection upon the ignorance of Russian authorities than upon their Christianity, that a body of intelligent Jews meeting in Washington last Sunday found it necessary to send authoritative denial to a Russian court of the absurd charge that a Jew had murdered a Christian for the sake of securing human blood to meet the liturgical needs of Judaism. Superstition ever rests in ignorance and the remedy for both is the spelling book. Knowledge is the great fool-killer, and education is the engine that will put out the fires of persecution.

The lurid spectacle of a ship on fire in mid-ocean is rimmed with radiance as we note the almost incomprehensible fact that nine great ocean steamers rushed to the rescue in response to a noiseless cry sent through the air; and one of the nine, which proved the most benignant, was the oil-tank ship that through two ponderous lines of hose sprayed the turbulent waves. Thus was the poetry of the past vindicated by the science of the present. The modern ship will henceforth consider, as a part of its necessary equipment, an oil tank, which will ever be in readiness in conquer the tempestuous waves.

The *Dial* for October 1, gives leading place in its "Casual Comment" to a note on "The Living Significance of Latin." This is a timely emphasis. This modern rushing away, in academic circles, from "dead" languages to living engineering problems in gasoline and electricity, has its menace. Specialization may be the ultimate demand in the industrial world, but alas for the boy or girl who in school days specializes into the utilities before he or she has generalized in the humanities. James Freeman Clarke used to say that the knowledge of Sanskrit would make a better bootblack. Certainly a sufficient acquaintance with the inspiration of the older world will make a better citizen in the modern world.

A bulletin from the *Forest Service Government Department of Agriculture* calls attention to the difficulty of propagating pine seed, arising from the fact that squirrels, mice, birds, etc., devour them. The remedy lies either in propagating them in beds protected by wire or other devices, or in planting so many that there will be enough for both the birds and the human planter. Nature has been generous enough with her seed to carry out this last program. From the same source comes the information that the wooden shoe supply of Europe is menaced for the want of a sufficient amount of willow wood, and that poplar is being substituted. . . .San Francisco has recently received its first cargo of lumber from the Tongass National Forest of Alaska. . . . The "Sitka spruce" is, in the future, to furnish items for the lumber trade.

UNITY has often promulgated the epigram that two men are to be perpetually distrusted in our American life—the persistent office seeker and the persistent office dodger. Shame on the man who is always seeking

the votes of his fellow citizens! Shame on the man also who refuses the call of his fellow citizens to a position of trust and responsibility. The former is suffering from conceit, the latter is lacking in public spirit. These statements are equally true concerning feminine voters. There are indications that we are to be threatened with an army of women "office seekers," "political bosses" and "ward heelers." Sisters, beware of the contagious political diseases to which the men have so long been subjected, to their debilitation and disgrace. Set your faces against this corrupting passion for office before it is too late.

Judging from the unpronounceable character of the names of the six babies who won the prizes at a recent baby show held in Chicago, they were all children of parents from that far away and much maligned Eastern and Southern Europe, from whence come the immigrants who are supposed to be such a menace to these United States. The pictures of these six babies do not suggest a future menace to American institutions. When "captains of industry," whose palaces are on the Lake Front, can successfully compete with their employees—the chauffeur, the washerwoman, the street sweeper and the "banana peddler"—in a baby show, the judges of which are trained physicians, there may be some physiological ground for their patriotic anxieties. Until then, the less they have to say about the "offscourings of Europe" as a menace to American institutions, the better.

An educational committee on Chicago philanthropy, acting in conjunction with about forty of the city wide charitable agencies, have prepared syllabi for the study of the public and private systems of relief in the city. These syllabi will contain systematically arranged data embracing discussions of indigent persons in distress, institutions for comfort, needy families, the sick, the aged, etc. These leaflets are to be used as helps in group studies. Sample copies can be obtained by sending five cents to the General Educational Committee on Chicago Philanthropy, 168 N. Michigan Avenue. While the gruesome facts exist such studies and activities are necessary, but that they do exist in a city with as much elbow room and as much bounty as Chicago, is a reproach, and no study of the facts as they are or ameliorating instrumentalities should blind us to the shame, or excuse us from the more persistent battle to remove the causes and lift the reproach.

At a recent meeting of the State Conference of Charities, held at Rockford, Ill., Bishop Muldoon, a Catholic prelate, made an earnest plea for suitable buildings in which to hold religious services in connection with the State institutions. Of course this suggestion, coming from a Catholic functionary, will arouse at once the alarm of all militant Protestants, and will meet with the contempt and ridicule of a certain class of "Independents" and "Radicals," to whom church and all allied institutions are red rags, to arouse their hatred of superstition and their dread of priestcraft. But the suggestion of the good bishop is rooted in sound sense and was made, we believe, in the interest of liberality. It points toward a higher exercise of democracy than has yet been reached in the United States. The bishop did not ask for a Catholic church, or a Protestant conventicle, but he did ask that the instrumentality that seeks to reach the springs of action in the dependent, the defective, the pathetic wards of the State, should be given a fair chance. The State builds at great expense the gymnasiums, refectories, field houses and athletic fields, for the development of physical man. These are supplemented with less elaborate but still well considered provisions for the education of the mind, but only incidental attention is given to the spiritual development, the ethical quickening of the inmates. In view of the divorcement of church and state, with the consent of the intelligent representatives of all religious faiths, the State cannot undertake to direct these activities, but it would be quite within its scope to make provision for the hospitable welcome of representatives of all faiths and no faith, who might bring the higher forces of life to bear upon these dependent wards. We believe the bishop's dream will yet be realized and every great State institution from the prison to the schools for the feeble-minded will have their "MINSTER"—a place dedicated to spiritual culture, to soul development, which will become a shrine where the noble will "minister to minds diseased" and "help pluck from the memory rooted sorrows." Here a good bishop of the Church of Rome may officiate in the morning and a lecturer of the Ethical Culture Society in the evening; this Sunday a gowned Episcopalian, next Sunday an unfrocked Unitarian; now a Methodist will tell the story of John Wesley, and anon a Universalist will voice the message of Hosea Ballou, and all will be welcome and all will be the better for it. And the best of all through this open hospitality there will be developed the open mind to receive truth from any source and to rejoice in the light that may come from the torch held in any hand.

The Inspirations of Religion

Science analyzes; religion synthesizes. Science pulls apart; religion puts together. Science discovers pistils and stamens, petals and corollas; religion discovers the flower. Science classifies and arranges the flowers into *compositæ, rosacæ,* and what not—to understand these terms one must needs go to school; but

religion talks of daisies and roses, of violets and honeysuckles, the appreciation of which demands the child-like heart, the open eye of love, and the admiring spirit. It is well to pull one flower apart to discover its marvelous mechanism; it may be well to pull up one seed if thereby we may get a little closer to the mystery of creation, the miracle of germination, if by so doing we can love the flower more intensely and admire the growth more religiously.

Not the soldier, but the moving column, is impressive. Not the denomination, but Christianity, with its procession nineteen centuries long,, is the inspiring reality; and not Christianity, segregated and alone, differentiated from Judaism, and it, in turn, distinguished from the faith of the Parsee and the life of the Brahmin,—but the mighty hunger of the human heart for the divine, the sacred tug of the soul towards the ideal, manifested in all ages, emphasized by Zoroaster and Buddha, Moses, Sokrates and Jesus,—is the inspiring conception of religion.

The great landscape painters are those who succeed in getting a depth of background, a long perspective into their pictures. And so in religion—the admiration, the hope and the love increase in proportion as the horizon line deepens as well as widens. It is the long events of time that inspire the present. History reinforces the aspirations and justifies the enthusiasms of the noble.

And so religion needs the interpretation that will release it from the travail of dogma, the leash of sectarianism, the distraction of denominational rivalries, and place it upon the everlasting foundations of wonder, hope and love, which find their primary credentials in the facts of life manifest today, and in the needs of the soul itself.

But none of this inspiration can be realized unless another need of religion be emphasized. Wherever religion may start, it must later end in action. Not penance but service. Repentance that does not result in reform is of no avail. Religion has wasted itself in dreaming, in self-anxiety, in preparing for a residence in some far-off land in the beyond. The disillusions of science, the achivements of commerce, the rewards of industry, all combine in calling for a practical religion; one that precipitates itself in social service. It is a poor religion that is absorbed with an anxious concern for its own future. If religion is the major motive, the primary inspiration, it must take on more and more the life of the community. Its tests are those of social service; its inspirations are the inspirations that come from a sincere effort to merge the life of the individual in the life of the community: to find one's own joy in the growing joy of all.

The demand is for consecration. Religion helps the soul to strip itself of the impediment of things and to consecrate to the public the excess of things we do not need. That which hurts the individual may bless the community; that which blights the home may redeem the church. The things that curse the individual would often cure the municipality.

When Savonarola wrought for the practical reformation of Florence he called upon the women to bring their baubles, the absorbing and money wasting gewgaws, the securing of which engaged so much of their time and attention,—to the public square and there erect their "Pillar of Follies" to be publicly burned. That fire consumed tyrants of the soul; that fire destroyed cruel fetters, which enslaved hearts then and enslaves them still.

The cry of religion today, as in the time of Savonarola, is, "Bring your superfluities; strip yourself of the things you do not need, the things upon which you waste your time—not to the public square to be burned but to the public altar to be utilized for the public good."

The measure of a woman's grace is in inverse proportion to the costliness of her decorations. Everybody knows today that the gewgaws of the jewelry shop are survivals of the barbaric ornaments of more primitive times. Sir Thomas More recorded that in Utopia diamonds and other precious stones were coveted by children, and they were allowed to wear such ornamentation because they were suitable to their stage of development; but as they grew older they were as anxious to lay aside these evidences of their juvenility as they were their childish clothes,—as the modern boys and girls, for instance, are anxious to leave behind their knee pants and short dresses.

The improved method of sifting diamonds out of the slush of coarser material is to allow this slush to flow over trays of grease. The diamonds stick to the greasy surface while the other substances pass along unattracted. There is something oleaginous in the human life that attracts the diamond; it is a material affinity, and the soul clarified by principle and consecrated by religion has little affinity with these baubles of the mine.

We live in an age of vast material triumphs. Gold, copper and diamond mines of the world have been discovered and are being exploited in a marvelous way. The dexterity of man has applied itself to these material resources until they threaten to smother the life they are supposed to advance, and the need of religion today is the power of discriminating between essentials and non-essentials, between the necessities and the luxuries, and when this discrimination is made, to compel the luxuries to conserve the interests of the world rather than to choke the life of the individual.

Religion has need of art but not of filigree, as Ruskin would distinguish. The one being valuable for its intrinsic beauty; the other being valuable for its com-

plexity only—the amount of labor involved in the making of it.

We believe in wealth, but only when it fertilizes the human heart. We believe in things and still more things, but only when they tutor the consciences of those who hold them. Already the tides have begun to recede from the material glories and inspirations of the nineteenth century. The "fortunate" are beginning, at least, to give back in generous measure as *charity* that which in the near future they will yield up as the *world's dues*. There are indications that the deep currents of life are still moving quietly Godward. There is a gravitation through matter into spirit; through doubt into faith; through war into peace; through economic selfishness and greed and silly display into economic equity and public righteousness.

Religion is teaching us more and more to sing the universal hallelujah chorus of "Peace on earth and good will to men;" aye, good will that demands good deeds; that exacts justice to all; that prefers to live, if need be, in mutual poverty rather than to live apart in the selfish isolation of man-made, home-blighting, child-cursing millions. The undertow of the centuries, the tug of today, is towards justice, towards love.

> So to the heart that knows thee, Love Eternal!
> There is a sacred temple evermore;
> And all the babel of life's angry voices
> Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
>
> Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
> And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
> And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
> Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in thee!

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

To many a timid and uncomprehending soul, this present age seems to be peculiarly unfavorable to all that we have come to know and love as organized religion. Sacred authority of every kind is being challenged and denied. Ancient practices of reverence and worship are falling into disfavor and consequent desuetude. New sciences and philosophies are sapping the foundations of historic faith. The Bible has long since fallen victim to the tender mercies of the Higher Criticism. The creeds of Christendom have been analyzed into elements of Jewish superstition and pagan speculation. Jesus is denounced as a figure of mythology and his career described as the hero-legend of a Messiah cult. The world seems even to be losing interest in the aim and purpose of religion, which has ever been the salvation of the soul in the life to come, and devoting itself to the merely material labor of building a new political and industrial order which shall bring to men some equal measure of earthly happiness and power. And all with the inevitable result that churches are empty, divinity schools deserted, ministers unheeded, and the things of religion unnoticed, when not totally forgotten!

In the face of such facts as these, the friends of religion might well seem to have good reason for despair. And yet I, for one, cannot believe that these facts are correctly interpreted when they are made to lead to this desperate conclusion. On the contrary! What we are witnessing today on every side is not to be regarded, to my mind, as the decay of religion, but as the fortunate passing of certain forms, practices, doctrines and superstitions, which have strangely enough been confused with religion, and thus made unworthy objects of reverence and faith. A new age is dawning upon the world—an age characterized by such understanding of reality as the mind of man has never known before. New paths of inquiry are being blazed and cleared—new realms of experience entered and surveyed—new horizons of mystery discovered and acclaimed. In the face of all that is known today, and all that is promised tomorrow, men are putting away, as "childish things," the old sciences, the old philosophies, the old forms of political and industrial organization, the old ideas of individual and social life. And what is thus being done in every other field of experience, must no less be done in that of religion. The new age, as President Eliot pointed out so effectively two years ago, demands a "new religion." What seems the wanton destruction of cherished faiths is but the clearing of the ground for "the religion of the future." Out of the wreckage of the past, and out of the abundant new material provided by modern knowledge, we must construct a new religion which, in both its theological and practical aspects, shall express the larger visions and nobler hopes of our times as the old religion expressed the intellectual and spiritual ideals of medievalism. Our age, in other words, like every age of history, is a period of fresh creation. We think we look upon the frightful cataclysm of the last day—and behold! it is the teeming chaos of the first!

So far from believing that this present age is unfavorable to the interests of the church, I would go so far as to assert that never before, save only in the first and the sixteenth centuries of our era, was there such a glorious age for the friends and servants of true religion. We might well despair if ours was the dull and fruitless task of preserving and transmitting intact the traditions of an elder day—of shutting ourselves within the grim fortresses of dogma and holding ground that had long before been conquered—of guarding inviolate some sacred and untouched Ark of the Covenant! But from all this, thank God, by the very nature of our times, we are released. Ours is the grander task of investigation and experiment, of discovery and exploration, of creation and construction. To us is given the sublime joy of gazing upon untrodden lands and venturing to untouched horizons. The passion of the Psalmist may be ours, and ours as well

the rapture of the seer. We may sing as sing the poets, and speak as speak the prophets of the Lord. If old men, we may dream dreams, and if young men, see visions. Obstacles to overcome, battles to fight, secrets to reveal, heights to scale, depths to fathom, goals to find and win—all these are ours; and ours, also, because of these, the joy of living!

We cannot tarry here;
We must march, . . . we must bear the brunt of battle, . . .
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways.
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

This is the true meaning of our age, and this also the true interpretation of the duty in this age of those who believe in the everlasting reality of religion. We must be "pioneers" in the great, wide fields of spiritual endeavor. We must "march," "bear the brunt of battle," go fearlessly "the unknown ways." This work means hazard and peril, loneliness and pain. But it means also content and joy unto our souls, and, in the end, the salvation of the world.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

BEREFT

I miss the joys you used to bring me Dear,
Whose fragrant loveliness life gave into your hand
Through all the changing scene year after year—
Miss them so keenly that I cannot understand.

I know that I shall find them all again
In sky and flower and hear them in the song
Of bee and bird,—but missing is such pain
When I have held your loveliness so long.

And someway, someway Dear, I do not know
Just how to take up life with you away
And go on bravely. I have loved you so
Body and mind and soul, it seems alway.

My body loved your body with such love;
My spirit cherished yours with no less care,
And O I find it hard without your love,—
The crying of my loss is everywhere.

If I might only reach my human hand
Across the coverlet to where you lie
And find you, I might almost understand
The secret charm of what it is to die.

And yet I know that you can come to me
A thousand ways you could not come before;
That you are utterly unbound and free
Now you have passed out through the open door.

I search the skies to find you if I may;
I brush the dew-drops on the early grass;
I ask the stars and sun to show the way
That I may hear your foot-fall as you pass.

Surely the buds unfolding will reveal
Your presence which I long for day and night,
I'm sure to find you somewhere. I can feel
You will be with me when the dawn turns light.

And I shall go on loving as before
Knowing your care for me can never cease,
Knowing my care for you is even more,
Believing that our love will but increase.

Till one day in a world not made with hands
I answer to the call you send to me;
Till then, My Sweet, the spirit understands
You are as patiently awaiting me.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

Chicago Philanthropy

The rising Democracy has voted that charity is intolerable; that only justice is wanted. We sympathize with Democracy and hope to do something to help it to the throne. But Democracy is not yet ready with efficient means to prevent misery or make relief needless. A Socialist returning from his meeting would take pity on a fellow man with a broken leg, even if he were drunk, and help him to a Catholic hospital, if one were near. We love logic, but we care more for men.

There are three methods of help: social politics, Socialism and charity. Socialism may be the future state, the golden age of promise; but at present it is prophecy rather than fact; poetry rather than cash. It is as far off as heaven, so far as immediate help to the dying is concerned. Social politics is an actual force at work. It prevents industrial accidents and diseases; it supplies substitutes for the saloons and heeds Dr. Evans's sermons in the *Tribune;* it backs Dr. Young and the factory inspectors; it circulates facts about alcohol and calls attention to social insurance; it achieves a thousand good things while waiting for the kingdom of woman suffrage and Socialism to ring out the old and ring in the new. But Interventionism and Social Politics also fail; they do not catch up with all the causes of misery, partly because we do not know enough, largely because our humanity lacks imagination and pity for supposed inferiors. It is amazing how much pain and death we can permit to be without a shudder. Wont makes us callous. So long as the Socialists dream, and the legislators hesitate, and commissioners of health are compelled to try to purchase a dollar's worth of health with twenty-five cents, there will be defectives and incompetents. We must give charity, if only to keep alive compassion and conscien of our collective sins. It is nothing to be proud of millions for mitigation of misery advertise our public ignorance, neglect and wrong. They are not meritorious, but they are just now necessary and ethically justifiable because required by the conditions. Perhaps when the collector will insist on some just standard of dividing the product of industry there will be no more indigent and dependent poor; but that time is not now. At present we must provide for homeless and neglected children, childless and bankrupt old people, the decrepit and mutilated rejects from our "prosperous" but destroying Great Industry. We face a condition, not a theory. In Paradise there are no poor; but we shall have a hard time to get into Paradise if we neglect the poor we have made by our social stupidities and hardness of heart.

These are the actual, hard, matter-of-fact realities which all the philanthropies of Chicago are contriving to study. Scattered we are a mob, united we are a regular army. We ask the churches and all who really desire to be good and kind to think, to study the facts which we are prepared to present. We are not taking up collections from impulsive people; we are educating a community to face reality. We need money, much money, even to mitigate a sorrow which no amount of money can silence or suppress. But first we ask a great city to give a little time each month to think, to consider facts. Out of such brief moments of thought will come contributions, millions of private gifts and public taxes for relief; better still will silently form a

conviction of social sin, a community conscience, a determination to discover and remove the too long tolerated causes of misery. But at present we ask the kind public, rich and poor, to consider the grim, ugly, disheartening reality,—the prosperous, opulent, powerful Chicago with its feet on thousands of suffering men, women and children.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.
Chairman of Committee on Chicago Philanthropy.

Correspondence

How the Press Encourage Intemperance

Dear UNITY:

I appreciate and approve your short editorial in UNITY for Aug. 28, p. 404, in which you refer to the efforts of the "liquor" advocates of liberty, in trying to drive women voters into their camp, on the plea that, if the state now prohibits beer and whisky, very soon it will also prohibit "ice cream." What a silly appeal!! If ice cream killed one-tenth as many a year, or caused one-hundredth as much misery as drink, how soon every shop, at present selling it, would be closed!

It is most unfortunate that so many good people are indifferent to the Drink Menace. Equally unfortunate that so many newspapers ignore or misrepresent the Temperance Cause. Recently there appeared in one of the leading dailies of Boston an editorial entitled, "The More Dry Area the More Liquor Sold." The writer claimed that the increase of prohibition territory leads directly to a greater per capita consumption of liquor in our land.

To this editorial I made the following answer:

Permit me to make a few brief comments on an editorial in your issue for this morning, August 13, on "The More Dry Area the More Liquor Sold." This I wish to do, not as apologist or advocate of prohibition, which in this matter is neither here nor there. The public wants the truth.

Chief among the causes for the per capita increase in the use of liquor among us in recent years are these: (1) The addition to our population in the last quarter of a century of some 20,000,000 drinking foreigners—more or less. (2) The increasing moral laxity of large numbers of our people, due to abounding luxuries and other influences. (3) The frantic and gigantic pushing of the sales of their liquors by brewers and distillers. Millions spent in newspaper and billboard advertisements. Other millions spent to send out soliciting circulars through the postoffice and to maintain skillful publicity campaigns representing beer as "liquor bread," and similar errors. All these are comparatively new and powerful influences. It is no wonder that consumption increases. But it does not therefore follow that more liquor is used in prohibition territory, the fallacy of this editorial.

A "league," friendly to saloons, recently asserted that 20,000,000 gallons were shipped annually by express to nine prohibition states. This would make less than "two gallons" per person in prohibition states. The American Grocer for July 12, 1911, asserted that the per capita for the nation is over 20 gallons! A Portland paper, friendly to the liquor interests, claimed not long ago that over $1,000,000 goes out of Maine annually for alcoholic beverages. That would mean that each person there, on an average, would pay some $3 a year for liquor, assuming that he pays twice the original cost. But the average for the nation is over $17. These facts celarly disprove the editorial assertion.

There is certainly no better authority on this subject than Mr. George B. Hugo, himself a liquor dealer. At the Sagamore Conference (1910), he frankly said: "There is certainly less consumed in prohibition states. There is no question at all about that. Of course it may be claimed that prohibition does not prohibit; but if it does not prohibit, and they sell more goods under prohibition, why are they (brewers and distillers) fighting the law?" Yes, why indeed?

Instead of trying to reply to my argument the editor printed below my letter with hearty commendations an editorial from the New York *Times,* in which similar assertions were made, with the additional statement that states, like North Carolina and Georgia, had taken no advantage of the recently enacted Webb Law, but instead, had passed laws letting down the bars against the shipment of liquors from neighboring "wet" states. As soon as I could obtain replies from the governors of these states, I sent the Boston editor the following letter, which he was good enough to print:

Two weeks ago today, Friday, August 15, you printed my criticism of *The Herald* editorial of August 13 on "The More Dry Area the More Liquor Sold." In reply you printed just below my letter an editorial from the New York *Times* which you commend for its accuracy. I have now tested that editorial and I have found it lamentably lacking in accuracy:

(1) The Governor of North Carolina, the Hon. W. W. Kitchen, writes me: "The statement that after the passage of the Webb bill (the assertion of the *Times* editorial) the Legislature of this state at once made it legal for dealers in wet states to ship alcoholic beverages not in excess of one gallon at one time to consumers in this state, is untrue. The passage of the Webb bill has caused no change in the laws of this state."

(2) I am informed by the secretary to the Governor of Georgia, the Hon. A. H. Ulm, that the assertion in the *Times* editorial respecting that state is also untrue. His statement is: "No such legislation as that indicated has been enacted in this state."

(3) The *Times* editorial completely misrepresents the purpose of the Webb-Kenyon interstate liquor law. It asserts that no prohibition state has taken advantage of this law. This is a complete misapprehension of the situation. It is not necessary for the Legislatures of prohibition states to make laws to take advantage of this law. By the passage of this law, the federal government has simply lifted the bar to the successful enforcement of the state law, whatever that may be, and no new legislation is necessary. To claim, therefore, that "the Webb law is operative only on Indian reservations in Oklahoma and in certain 'dry' counties in Iowa"—the words of the *Times* editorial—is to make a ludicrously erroneous statement.

(4) The whole argument of both editorials, that more liquor is used because the prohibition area increases, or at least while it increases, ignores the one vital fact, that the increase in the per capita consumption of liquor is in the rapidly growing cities, which are "wet." The fact that our numerous large cities, with expanding population and increasing wealth, show a decided gain from 1880 to 1900 in the use of liquor—none of them under prohibition—is no proof that the per capita consumption in prohibition territory is also increasing. Any one with half an eye can see the fallacy of this argument. And this essential point is completely ignored in both editorials.

As some of these facts may be of general interest to your readers, I send the letter to you as an illustration of the deplorable policy of some of our newspapers in belittling or misrepresenting the great cause of sobriety.

Boston, Mass. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

SLEEP SONG

To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE PULPIT

The Waning Influence of the Church

A Sermon by
REV. T. J. DENT, Aberdeen, S. D.

TEXT: *Despise ye the Church of God?*
I. COR. xi:22.

There is no denying the fact that, while the influence of Christianity has gradually waxed in the last hundred years, the influence of the organized Christian church has gradually waned. The pulpit does not maintain the leadership and carry the influence today that it did fifty years ago. The minister is an accident rather than an essential in the lives of many. And the church to thousands of people is a luxury or whim to be supported or neglected, attended or abandoned, according to the most superficial combination of circumstances or passing motives.

If the weather is neither too cold nor too warm, and the distance not too great for a pleasant walk; if the seats are comfortable, if the preacher is eloquent within the bounds of one's own convictions and prejudices; why, one attends and finds it very pleasant and profitable. But if any of these elements are wanting, the church is overlooked, and is scarcely missed, indeed, forgotten by multitudes.

And yet, their fore-elders found their moral nature rooted in the subsoil of the church, their spiritual life watered and fed by its ministers; their whole life committed to and centering around, with unerring regularity and constancy, the church; which was in a very real and vital sense the house of the good, "the house of God."

If, after all the physical needs of the life are met; when all the good clothes needed or otherwise are paid for; when the theater and opera are enjoyed to the full and the love of books and travel is indulged to a reasonable extent—if, then, any money is left, the solicitations of the church are listened to and a subscription is made. But when made, it is held lightly. The time of payment is easily forgotten. And if, from any unexpected cause, a touch of adversity comes before the subscription is paid, it is unblushingly cancelled. An extra new dress wanted, an unexpected trip into the country, a new baby or a fit of sickness, is presented without the slightest hesitation by many as a reason for not meeting an obligation which is as binding as the obligation assumed to the tailor, the livery, the butcher or the grocer.

There is no denying the fact that hundreds of dollars of church subscriptions are annually ignored in the city of Aberdeen—flatly repudiated by people who would no more think of repudiating any of these bills referred to than they would think of picking their neighbor's pockets, and who would resent any charge of dishonesty with a righteous indignation. All this simply goes to show the secondary, incidental and accidental place which the church holds in the lives of many well-to-do and well-established citizens today—those who were cradled in the arms of the church, nurtured by those to whom the church was a bulwark against the temptations of life, and a consolation and strength in times of sorrow and privation.

The causes of this breakdown are not far to seek. And they are of such a character as to compel not only careful study but respectful consideration. Two well-defined and mighty forces have been at work in the lives of these people we have in mind, distracting if not dissipating the old joy in the church. One of these forces is intellectual. Within the last fifty years there has come most tremendous revolution in the thought of man concerning those things which were the special concern of the church. Many of the old dogmas of the church have been challenged by this new thought of the universe which has come into the world through the findings of modern research.

Astronomers have been watching the stars at midnight, and have given us a roomier universe. Geologists have been studying the strata of the earth, and have given us an older world. Archeologists have been digging among the debris of centuries and deciphering the weird hieroglyphics carved on monuments of vast antiquity. Ethnologists have discovered pre-adamite man, and disclosed his existence on the earth ages ago. They find the history of humanity to have been a gradual rising of life from simple forms to forms more complex. And they have been exploring the ancient religions, and finding there the inspiring presence of God.

In the presence of all these revelations, the most venerable Christian creeds, and the conclusions of the ecclesiastical councils "are weighed in the balance and are found wanting." The church of power in which our grandparents found shelter, rested upon a clearly defined, a cut and dried, scheme of thought by which the soul's career here and destiny hereafter were to be determined. All this has been rendered unthinkable to those who have assimilated the later knowledge. In the new thought all theological lines are but the poor ecclesiastical scratchings upon the surface of that globe of life whose dimensions are spherical and not superficial. Thus it is that by the tendency of culture, men and women have been doing their thinking out of church. And if the church has lost its power; if damage has been wrought here and humanity is the loser, let the responsibility be placed where it belongs. Let it be placed at the door of our theological seminaries; the mischief has been wrought by our professors who train the preachers. The other force that has caused this breakdown of the church is a social one. The triumphs of modern man over his material environment have brought into his life such a diversity of interest—and with such rapidity—that the temptations and distractions of prosperity have marred the perspective of life, and the new adjustments are yet imperfect.

When the income of the family is small, life is hard, severe, but direct, continuous, developing. Let that income be increased, and life is freer and obviously enlarged. But if prosperity hastens, then, before you know it, life becomes a dizzy round of engagements, and the poor soul grows wild and the body grows haggard in trying to keep up with its privileges. Many fall out by the way, bankrupt in spirit and in morals, from trying to keep up with the social band wagon. The opera, the theater and the club, the social functions, the awful round of shopping, and the soul-wearing and body-exhausting perplexities of uninspired vacations and aimless travels, have crowded the church clear out of sight and thought. Of course, the internal soul-life, the unobtrusive serenities of the Sunday, the reconstructive life of meditation, the humanizing con-

tact with common humanity in its common aspect, represented by the church, will be neglected, forgotten, overlaid. It does not come into the lives of such people because there is no place for it—all the space is preoccupied. Like the Babe at Bethlehem, there is "no room at the inn," and it must content itself with the surroundings of the stable and the accommodations of the manger.

Others may state the causes of the breakdown of the church in other ways, but I think that the situation is pretty thoroughly covered by these two causes—intellectual change and social pressures. Both these causes have come to stay. They are to be accepted not as the grim inevitable, but as the blessed instruments of progress—evidence of advancement.

Having lost the church, what is to take its place, is the question asked by thousands.

Practically the first great substitute for the church in modern times, on the intellectual and spiritual side, is the school. The hope of the nation, we are told, lies in education. "Thousands for teachers, not a cent for churches," is the cry of many. And how high a service does the school render? How does it ameliorate the severities of life and put a glow and beauty into the commonplace. And when the door of the schoolroom is closed, the youth passes out into the world with the extension of the school following him. The book, the magazine, the newspaper—how great and blessed are these ministers. Surely the new book that for a dollar and a half creams the scholar's brain—the magazine that gives in an attractive and profitable form the result of years of labor—the newspaper that with the celerity of light carries you around the world, while you sip your coffee; tells you of the nobility, the struggle, failure and wickedness that happened on the other side of the globe last night—these have much that is expanding, elevating, refining and directing.

The second great substitute for the church to the wandering mind is nature. The soul asks, "Why confine myself even for one day in the week to man-made houses—to the walls of brick and stone that masons lay? Better worship in the unroofed temple of nature and walk abroad in the unwalled church of God. Why listen to human voices when you may listen to the sounding winds and the singing birds and the murmuring brooks? Why quarrel over the interpretation of the somewhat mangled texts found in the Bible while you may read the open manuscripts of God, written on leaves, illuminated with flowers?" And this is a substitute. Happy is the soul that can use it!

Turning to the social causes, we come upon the first modern substitute for the church in the club. Here the like-minded come together, with the least to separate and the most to unite; where the law of social selection, like chemical affinity, may work with the least obstruction.

The gentlemen have their clubs where they may discuss politics, economics and regale themselves with tobacco smoke. The ladies have their clubs where they may practice the hitherto manly art of debate, master the intricacies of parliamentary rules, discuss on short notice and easy terms all the problems of life and the marvels of the universe—any thing from sweatshops to flats, from Shakespeare to baby foods—and regale themselves with tea, "angel's food" and "benevolent gossip." Let the truth be known, these are great and blessed helps to life. They have aroused what would otherwise be dormant powers in men and women. They have centralized what otherwise would be dismembered forces in society. They have revealed resources within the soul itself, and have brought these resources to bear on unexpected beauties in the realm of nature, literature and human society. That these are substitutes for the church is proven by the fact that they receive the first love, the best energy, the most generous support of thousands of men and women in this and other communities, who give but grudging and stingy support to the church.

Next, let us ask, are these substitutes adequate? Are they to become the permanent rivals and ultimately the substitutes for the church?

That they have practically become these in many a life goes without the saying. But is there not something wanting in their lives? Does not the heart of the most enlightened, the soul of the most cultivated, the deeper sense of the most enthusiastic devotee of club and fraternity, of lodge and society, know that there is still something wanting in the best of these substitutes? There are times when even Shakespeare himself fails to interest, and all the singing helpers of men fail to hold the soul to its best, or to bring companionship to the solitary or comfort to the bereaved. There are times when the clasp of a human hand, the echoes of a human voice, the challenge of a human soul, alone can save the day.

Science? Yes, blessed be science. But you and I know that there are woes which cannot be soothed by being analyzed—inspirations that cannot be produced in the laboratory. And you and I also know that the best selected company in the world, the most congenial club ever formed, can be endured only in spots and in brief spaces of time—because the past may never adequately represent the whole. Life's inspirations come not from the classes but from the masses. And any lines seeking to circumscribe congeniality, respectability, brilliancy, soon defeat themselves.

The time will come when the clubman will gladly exchange all the luxuries and elegancies of his club for the privilege of consorting with the simplest sweat-stained artisan in a house that is a home of his own. And there will come a time when the woman will be ashamed of her one-sex church. And the fractional life of a nunnery, in the long run, will prove as inadequate to develop the highest womanhood in the twentieth century as it proved in the twelfth.

Thus do we come through modern substitutes back to the old hunger of the human soul—the hunger for a sense of fellowship with man, of unity with the world, of oneness with God. It was a divine necessity that changed the tombstone into a temple, wrought a fear into a prayer, translated awe into worship, and made morality a passion and ethics the supreme guest of the noblest souls. The old inspiration has enriched the world shrines made beautiful by self-denial. It has surveyed the highways of the world so that they would pass close by the martyr spots that dot the face of the globe, that the pilgrim columns of humanity might travel therein.

The new thought, the larger view, has only made the church more a necessity. There is still a demand for a home of the spirit, where men and women forget their sex, where young and old forget their age, where rich and poor forget their chafing possessions and their galling needs. There is no substitute that

will take the place of this inclusive circle of prayer, this training school of saints, this platform for the sages. Analysis never satisfies, and is never justified except as a means towards a higher synthesis. Missing the synthesis of humanity, spite of all the substitutes, we fall first into affliction, then degeneracy.

The American must have some help to forget his Americanism. The Republican and Democrat and Prohibitionist and Socialist must have some moments when they will become divinely oblivious of their politics, and when their differences are forgotten. There must be a place where men and women can forget their sex and lose themselves in their humanity.

If I am right, you see the need of a church remains. More than ever before does the soul need this larger home. And the question today is the question of the restoration of this church. How is it to be restored in the confidence of the competent? How is it to reclaim the generosity of the wealthy, the devotion of the pure, the first love of fathers and mothers, and the loyalty of the children? It is the business of the pulpit to try to answer this question. And I believe that the direction to be followed is in sight. The church, destroyed by thought, must be restored by more thought. The social forces that undermined the church must restore that church, that will be club and class committee and congress, anything and everything that makes for the corporate life, for the investment of the human in the divine. There can be no restoration of the church or reinstatement of the minister until church and minister line up with the best thought yet reached, and the broadest and sweetest fellowship yet realized. The church will be restored when thought will restore to us a God worthy the reverence and worship of enlightened man. The church will be restored when it lays hold again of the divine tasks of leveling up this world of ours—of taking from those that have and giving to those that have not, and doing it in such a way that all parties will have more than they ever had before. We shall have a restored church when we have a restored theology which will include an illuminating sociology.

The church has passed through many a crisis like unto that through which it now passes. There came a time in the Hebrew economy when the temple as a slaughter-house repelled. There came the great reformation time in Christianity, when Luther's heart ached over the unrealities he found in the holy city. There came a time when the piety of England trembled and souls quaked in the presence of the awful indictments of George Fox and John Wesley. But through all these crises the church passed, and survived. It will pass through the present crisis, and will survive present dangers. And it will appear again as the central citadel of the soul, the home of the best in the community, the representative of that without which life is not worth living, the voice of those consolations which enable the soul to carry its afflictions and its solitudes in a way that becomes the noble and the devout.

"Despise ye the church of God?" Where is your chief interest today? Which is to have first claim upon your purse, your time, your thought, your energy, yourself?

Which? The church, with all its faults: the poor stumbling, flounder-church; the bigoted, selfish, shallow, dogmatic church; but the church that has been in the world since the soul faced its mystery, found its disgraces, and knew the bitterness of sin; the church that is now in the world to stay while the words "God," "Humanity," "Destiny," "Love," "Conscience," remain; or, the well-meaning but transient "substitutes" which I have catalogued? It is our task to change those substitutes into helps, subordinate the fraction to the whole, compel the classes to serve the masses. For, as the universe is one, and the God of the universe is one, so is humanity the highest output of the world, the divinest projection of deity.

The political motto of the United States—*E pluribus unum,* "out of many, one" is to become the religious motto of the world. Let it be inscribed over the outside portal of the church that is to be reinstated. And on the interior walls of this same church let the application of the motto be enforced by the maxim, "Here let no man be stranger." For this is the "church of the living God," the church of all men and of all truth, for which there is no substitute! It will brook no rival, but welcome all helpers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes in Religion

1912—1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

XXXI.

ECCLESIASTES.

This lesson was omitted by an office mistake from its proper place in the series.

TEXT: *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.* ECCLESIASTES ix:10.

The word Ecclesiastes, which in the Hebrew is *Koheleth,* might be translated "The Preacher" or "the man who talks to a congregation." The book Ecclesiates is neither Jewish nor Christian. Like Proverbs it has little or no local color, except that like the Song of Songs, it is traditionally ascribed to Solomon, the proverbially wise man. The great hero king is traditionally made responsible for the utterances of this unknown man who wrote perhaps eight hundred years after Solomon's death. We can relieve the Jew and Christian of all responsibility because it does not fit into either scheme of religion. Moulton shows that it is not a continuous piece of literature but is a collection of maxims and bits of poetry which is permeated throughout by the same spirit and was probably compiled by one person, perhaps about 300 B. C.

The touch of Greek philosophy which it contains, as to the nobility of life, makes it interesting. In evolution everything is flux and flow, coming from somewhere and going somewhere. In the philosophy of Bergson and Eucken also, creation is a *becoming,* the world is being made and all our yearnings and aspirations are birth-throes. Though the author of this book did not see that, he did see the everlasting flow and movement of things.

This is such a book as one would expect to have been popular in the South just after the war. It represents the attitude of mind typified by the Southern Major

who, when he learned of the surrender of Appomattox, said: "No Yankee shall ever have my sword," and going into the woods ran his sword into the ground to the hilt and broke it off, returning in time to hear read as a condition of the surrender, that all officers would be permitted to retain their side arms.

Here we have the philosophy of the man of the world, which gives nothing of joy or inspiration though there is a good deal of patient industry, of philosophic calmness about it. The evident conclusion is: "What's the use! Still it is better to be moral than immoral, kind than ugly; it is only for a day and then it will be all over." It is the prudence of the average man of business, who is utterly impervious to the appeal of the ideal, one who thinks the church is a good thing for women and children, so he supports it, but who looks pityingly on any group of men or women who get excited or enthusiastic over anything. *He* keeps cool.

The author of Ecclesiastes has sometimes been called a pessimist but that is scarcely true; if he was we could get along with him better. He is not even cynical, he is rather, blasé,—a wise man governed by what he sees and what he has felt, and with this knowledge has come to a dead level of monotonous weariness.

And yet there is a good deal of poetry, a good deal of practical wisdom in the book. The last chapter constitutes a beautiful appeal to youth. Ecclesiastes says "make the most of youth because it is going," but his description of old age is not that of the best old age, and is not so high and clear as that given in Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra in which life becomes increasingly beautiful, pre-eminent in its wealth and inspiration.

The philosophy of the book is a thing to get away from. It is painfully characterictic of much of the life of today. It is a picture of the prosperous man without enthusiasm; the fashionable woman without devotion; of the young college boy who is blasé to the dreams of life; of the young college woman who is content to dress, to see and be seen, to float with the tide. Better is a good hard-headed infidel who says: "I spurn your Bible because it is not so good as I can make in my own heart." There is hope for such a man because he is swayed by an ideal, he does some thinking and assumes a "cause."

The average estimate of Ecclesiastes is that it is a book of common sense, but common sense is not the average vision; it consists of those elements in human thought which are universal. It is like the arithmetic lesson in cancellation where the problem is solved by crossing out the unnecessary elements. Take the religions of the world; cross out that which is Mohammedan and Mohammedan only, that which is Jewish and Jewish only, that which is Christian and Christian only, that which is Persian and Persian only. Then when you have crossed out and cancelled and eliminated add what is left and you have the common faith. That is universal religion, the religion which is deposited in all faiths.

If you look at Ecclesiastes as a phase of thought, an experience of human nature, you will find pleasure in it, but if you think of it as the infallible "Word of God," a spiritual reservoir from which you are to draw inspiration and life it will not be satisfactory.

There was another old poet who lived about twelve hundred years after this book was written. That he knew his Ecclesiastes the scholars have no doubt because he quotes it almost literally and takes about the same view of life and shows the same world weariness, though on the whole the note struck is not so high nor so ethical. Omar Khayyam may owe much to his translator FitzGerald, for both are gifted children of genius, and the book is a classic in English literature.

Take Ecclesiastes for what it is worth. It is not all of the Bible and if you have virility enough to escape its ennui, its world-weariness, it will show you one phase of life, though one which is horribly inadequate and insufficient. Neither Omar Khayyam nor "The Preacher" caught any glimpse of a social unity, a race life or a community continuity. It is the extreme of individualism. It is *my* life, *my* soul, *my* destiny; but in modern thought the *my* is changed to *our*. Strength, power, and joy come when you feel your part in the pulse beat of the community and that you are an atom in the mighty whole. Victor Hugo, on his seventy-fifth birthday, said in a letter:

> "I am but a stone on the road that is trodden by humanity; but that road is a good one; man is master neither of his life nor of his death. He can but offer to his fellow-citizens his efforts to diminish human suffering. He can but offer to God his indomitable faith in the growth of liberty."

Ecclesiastes justifies its place in the Bible if the Bible is a reflection of life in all its phases, though the phase represented by the book is low. A cold, apathetic listlessness is worse than a rebellious, passionate lawlessness. The mistakes of passion at least represent force, power, hunger, energy, and where these are there is life. Apathy is a minus quantity. The apathetic spirit is anaemic, it is afflicted with leukemia. It has an overplus of white blood-corpuscles, an absence of the necessary red element in the blood.

The philosophy of life should not be one of despair but of hope.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Insensate clay thou art, and yet
Methinks thou must have felt a thrill
Of conscious pride that fateful day
The Pilgrim's feet thy bosom trod—
The quiet joy that comes to those
Who shrink not in a crucial hour.
When Time and adverse tides conspired
To try the souls of pioneers,
Sea-tossed and weary—searching out
A haven where they might be free
From priestly tyranny, and creeds
Debased to serve the ends of state,—
Thou failed them not, thou noble rock!
What matters it if they forgot
And, for a time, themselves became—
In lesser measure—tyrants, too,
Until their fervent zeal grew cool,
And sweeter, with the lapse of years;
And peace and liberty prevailed!
For 'tis the tragic fate of man—
Until he sees, with clearer eye
Than now, the path he gropes along—
To doubt and flout his fellow-man
Who thinketh not as he, but builds
A shrine and worshippeth apart.
Were man attuned like unto thee—
His duty doing with his might,
As thou didst thine,—no meed of praise
Expecting, and no censure feared—
Then might, indeed, the laws of Light,
Of Toleration and of Toil,
Suffuse the Earth with kindliness;
And with his fellows man would live
As live the winds, and rocks, and sea—
In cheerful, Natural, accord.

HORACE G. HOPKINS.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

The twenty-fifth meeting of the "General Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches," held in Buffalo from October 6 to 9, was in many respects the most notable of a long series of such events. For one reason, the phrase "and Other Christian Churches," came very near to full illustration in the fact that the four great evening meetings, always regarded as the significant events of the Conference, were held in two of the largest orthodox churches in the city, namely, the First Presbyterian and the Westminster Presbyterian. The welcome given by the pastors of these churches was liberal, sympathetic and positively fraternal in character, placing the emphasis upon the oneness of the religious spirit as a true bond of fellowship. Large audiences at all of these meetings indicated that not only were the pastors cordial hosts, but the people of their churches were eager and sympathetic listeners to the interesting subjects discussed.

The Confereuce sermon at the opening service Monday evening was preached by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Crothers' subject dealt with the essential spirit of the church of today and of the future, and was handled with the breadth, lucidity and charm familiar to his readers. The true church he believes should be the home of the Doubter as well as the Believer. It should welcome every earnest soul seeking to know the truth and to live bravely and well, even though that soul holds no positive convictions regarding religion or even God. Let the church be the nurturing place of the spirit, "come in and we will help you to solve your intellectual doubts and find your spiritual equilibrium, and, what is most important, to live righteously." This should be the high purpose of the church as Dr. Crothers sees it.

The day conferences were held in the First Unitarian Church and there, as elsewhere, were presided over by the president, Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., of Cambridge, Mass. Tuesday morning was given over to the reports of the various departments of denominational activity, all showing a healthy growth and increasing enthusiasm. A notable feature of the morning was the President's Address. He urged greater unity and co-operation between the Christian churches of the country. He advised the continuance of religious progress along conservative lines. Greater spiritual progress he characterized as the vital aim of the church and Christians. He pictured as an ideal church one in which there are leaders, seers and prophets, but no rulers, a church which will consistently work more and more for the progress of social organization for the benefit of mankind.

The afternoon of Tuesday was filled by luncheons and specialized programs, and from 5 to 6 p. m. the reception to the Conference at the Twentieth Century Club, under the auspices of the "Women's Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women." The general topic for the Tuesday evening meeting was "What May the Community Expect of the Church?" Mr. Walter B. Dickinson of New York, associate secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, was the first speaker, and "The Church at Play" was his theme. He said in part: "A great problem that confronts us is the growth of insanity and the increase in the number of imbeciles. This problem can best be met by the fostering of the spirit of play in the human race. The settlement of this problem is one of the great opportunities of the church. The church should promote active play for children, young people and the middle aged." Indeed, he said, of all ages! No life should be void of the spirit and opportunity for recreation; pure play and amusement were wholesome elements and necessary to fullness of life.

"The church must develop that which is most essential, a moral ideal based on pleasure and expression rather than on pain and repression," he said.

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer spoke on "The Church as a School for Volunteer Social Workers." In beginning she pointed to the change that has come about in benevolent work. "The time has passed for the handicraft age in social service," she said. "We now have the vision for the first time of the demand on the human race in this field of social development. The law that we are shaped by our surroundings has given way to the new and inspiring one that we can change the surroundings that in turn make us. We now cherish the ideal that gives to every human being the right to become a truly human personality. To accomplish this reconstruction of our social life we must have a great institution. The retail method is no longer practical."

She told of the nature of the training and scope of the work of the paid and specialized social worker. Every paid worker opened up opportunities for service to many volunteers, she said. The volunteers she divided into two great classes. The first she named as the humble workers who were willing to run the errands and do the small things that otherwise would take up so much of the time of the specialist. The others were those who had learned the great lessons of life and were willing to give of their experience. The up-to-date church is particularly adapted to train this class of volunteer workers, she declared.

The third speaker of the evening was Rev. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City. Mr. Holmes spoke of the church "As a Centre for Rousing the Social Consciousness," a subject he was peculiarly well fitted to discuss because of his broad study of the social questions of the day and his profound conviction that it is the business of the church to help in the regeneration of society, moral and industrial. In part Mr. Holmes said: "Helen Keller was afflicted as an infant with the loss of the three principal senses, yet the average church member is assailed and mutilated with diseases just as bad as those which obstructed Helen Keller's intercourse with the world, and will require the same treatment of awakening at the hands of the church as Helen Keller received at the hands of her tutor.

"I shall assume we all agree on the fact that there is something radically wrong with the age in which we live," said Mr. Holmes. "I shall assume, also, that the social consciousness of the average person in the church is in need of awakening. I assume that the church may be regarded as a center for the awakening. The problem now is what processes is the church confronted with when it starts its work of awakening the social conscience."

The speaker sketched, step by step, episode by episode, the awakening of Helen Keller. He related the manner in which Miss Sullivan, her tutor, traced in the hand of the little girl the letters of the alphabet until she had memorized them.

"They were empty symbols, however, and it was not until Miss Sullivan one day placed her pupil's hands beneath a faucet of running water and then traced with intense emphasis the word 'water' in the child's palm, that the dawn of reason broke.

"Precisely the same with the average church-goers of today," declared Mr. Holmes. "They are diseased in spite

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of themselves, and the church must adopt the same plan of awakening them which Miss Sullivan used. The process must be in two steps, also. Those words, 'brotherly love,' 'God,' 'sympathy' and 'justice' must be impressed upon the social consciousness of the people. That is not far enough, though. These people must be plunged in the stream of life and shown the real meaning of the symbols they have memorized.

"The church must imprint now, as it always, has, on the mind of the individual the great ideals of love and brotherhood and the Kingdom of God on earth," he declared. "It must do more than this. It must take these empty symbols and fill them full of life and meaning. It must show the world what these words really mean and in a way that there need be no interpretations.

"It's all right to talk about injustice, but it is time to point to the injustice of specific things, the injustice of working women to death in the mills, the injustice of setting little children at work that profits may be greater. It's all right to talk about brotherhood and what a nice thing brotherly love is, but it's time to lift our voices on the side of our living brothers, our brothers in-

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carnate, who so recently went down to bitter defeat in Paterson and who fought a brave fight in Lawrence, Mass., a little longer ago.

"We must fill these empty words with the red blood of the great class which makes up such a large proportion of our civilization. We must make them see that brotherhood means something. We must show them that it is not only to be a fact in the skies, but that it may be established here on the rich earth. We have always understood that there is a God of love. Now we want to put that God of love at work, to the ending of war and of waste and of all the iniquities of the present social system. Then, indeed, will a new day dawn marking the redemption of mankind on the earth."

There are various social diseases which have cut off individuals from the world of social consciousness, Mr. Holmes believes, and some of them he named. The profits accruing from private property and the prejudice of race were two mentioned. He declared that many individuals were unconsciously diseased by these things and as a consequence were but complacent Christians who were content in saying, "Well, we are getting on pretty well, after all." The problem was really one of psychology rather than sociology, he said.

W.

(To be continued)

The kind-hearted woman stopped to reprove the youngster who had chased a cat up a tree.

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"Gee! wouldn't I, though, if I could climb like that," said the youngster, grinning.

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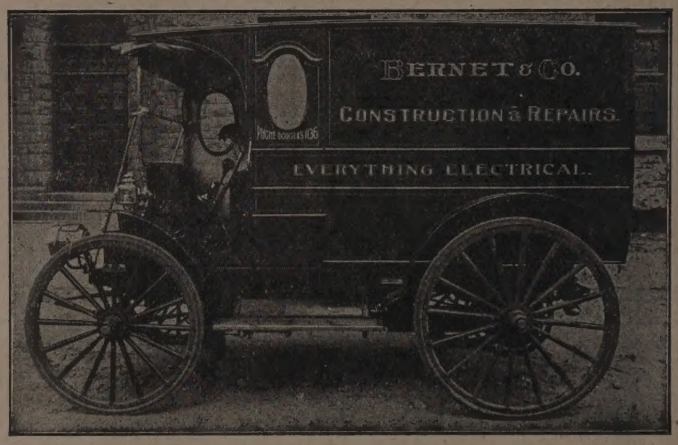

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